I may not ſuffer you to viſite him,
The King hath ſtraightlie charged the contrarie.
Qu. The King? whie, whoſe that?
Lieu. I crie you mercie, I meane the Lord protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kinglie title:
Hath he ſet boundes betwixt their loue and me:
I am their mother, who ſhould keepe me from them?
Du.yor. I am their Fathers, Mother, I will ſee them.
Duch.glo. Their aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:
Then feare not thou, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I doe beſeech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it. *Enter L. Stanlie.*
Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And Ile ſalute your grace of Yorke, as Mother:
And reuerente looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you muſt go with me to Weſtminſter,
There to be crowned, Richards royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in ſunder, that my pent heart,
May haue ſome ſcope to beate, or elſe I ſound,
With this dead killing newes.
Dor. Madam, haue comfort, how fares your grace?
Qu. O Dorſet ſpeake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and deſtruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy Mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outſtrip death, go croſſe the ſeas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell,
Go hie thee, hie thee from this ſlaughter houſe,
Leaſt thou increaſe the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curſſe,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſell Madam,
Take all the ſwift aduantage of the time,
You ſhall haue letters ſtom me to my ſonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not tane tardie, by vnwiſe delaie:
Duch. yor. O ill diſperſing winde of miſerie,
O my accurſed wombe, the bed of death,

A Coca-

A Cocatrice haſt thou hatch to the world,
Whoſe vnauoided eye is murtherous.
Stan. Come Madam, I in all haſt was ſent.
Duch. And I in all vnwillingnes will go,
I would to God that the inclufiue verge,
Of golden metall that muſt round my browe,
were red hotte ſteele to ſeare me to the braine,
Annointed let me be with deadlie poyſon,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſaue the Queene.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glorie,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Duch.glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as I followed Henries courſe,
When ſcarſe the bloud was well waſht from his handes,
Which iſſued from my other angel husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then, I weeping followed,
O, when I ſay, I lookt on Richards face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo young, ſo olde a widow,
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be ſo madde,
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lordes death,
Loe, eare I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans hart,
Groſſelie grewe captiue to his honie wordes,
And prou'd the ſubiecte of my owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept my eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of ſleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will no doubt, ſhortlie be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I pittie thy complaints,
Duch.glo. No more then from my ſoule I mourne for yours.
Dor. Farewell, thou woſull welcomer of glorie.
Duch.glo. Adew poore ſoule, thou takſt thy leaue of it,
Du.yor. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee.

Goe